



The Last Stand



158 6 9

Chapter 1 by GeneralSh

The world had already ended. Mass extinction at a global scale due to overpopulation and an abusive use of the Earth's resources for decades. The first to to were the ones who needed it the most, the wealthy. The stragglers were the government officials and ones who actually prepared. But nothing prepared anyone for Wave Z. An unknown virus, rumored to be strains of the Bubonic and Zika virus, infected the bodies of deceased and dying organisms, reanimating them with homicidal aggression and unceasing hunger for flesh. Unfortunately, you're a survivor of the floods, earthquakes, and storms. Now you get to weather the worst of them. The living dead. The Horde of Rotting Flesh. The Zombies.

Where will you go now? The house you're in is completely closed off and surrounded by the Shamblers that followed you here. Armed with a cleaver, a spiked baseball bat and your wits, you have to find a way out. There's five at the door, three at the front windows. but only two at the back. But you heard gunshots from back there...

Chapter 2 by GeneralSh



The first thing you do is take stock of the house. A can of aerosol. Matches. Table salt and

pepper, and for good measure, a broken chair leg. Kicking down the door to the back, the zombies are unbalanced. A spray of fire from the chest up, it screams with pain, feeling the heat of the flames. You stab it through the jaw with the cleaver, and it falls to the ground with a crunch. The other

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

zombie writhes on the floor in a fetal position. They feel pain. Good to know, you think as you stab it repeatedly in the face with your cleaver. The coast is clear. Or so you thought. "FREEZE!!" A man with a gun points a .22 revolver at you, eyes wide with fear. He looks like.... you can see a bite mark on his forearm, bleeding profusely. He's a dead man walking. Already you can see him frothing at the mouth, his eyes drying up and his skin peeling. Before you can move, the five zombies from the front appear, grabbing him from behind. He fires two shots, which you know means the horde approaches. He screams, at first of surprise, but then of fear. Then the pain of being ripped apart, of being torn to little bite-sized chunks and devoured while you're still alive. The screams are almost as loud as the gunshots, but will remain in your nightmares for a lifetime. Where do you go now? What can you do?

Chapter 3 by Austin Miller



You run away from the dying man with his screams still echoing. Only one thing stamped in your mind... Survival. While running you come across an abandoned house that you decide to examine and maybe even spend the night. The house is horrible shape, windows are shattered, paint is peeling, and cobwebs litter the place. Taking in a gulp of air you swing open the door and disappear within the house. Now in the house, a fowl smell slaps you in the face, the house smells like no one has inhabited it for years. You are also greeted with a huge living room that contains torn up chairs and debris everywhere. You push on past the living room into the kitchen. You decide to check the fridge for any essentials on your quest for survival. Upon opening the fridge, it looks relatively empty, but after further inspection you uncover a small book. You retrieve the book for inspection. You become stunned, your heart begins to race, you struggle for breathe. At the bottom of the cover of the book scrawled in red ink, Robert H. Ashmore. Your father's name.

Chapter 4 by Flavio Anderson



A horde approaches, hundreds of hungry shambling Zombies after you

That name on the cover of the book was like a flash to my mind. Suddenly came in my mind memories of my childhood, far away in the past, in my early days when dad and mom always

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

espionage. Mom never liked the kind of experiments that were being made there. That was for her an extra reason to break the relation, anyway. I grab the small book and push it in the backpack. It should be interesting, maybe I can find some answer... But this is not the moment to enjoy trading, I have got much more important things to do. Now. First, close all windows lock all doors, I have to keep this house secured as soon as possible. And a weapon, I need a weapon. But suddenly suspicious noises come from upstairs, the sound of a door opening. My heart stops for a second, but I look around me, searching for any possible weapon. The butcher knife on the desk will be great. I hope. So, armed of a big knife, I walk to the stairway, for a look. The fear is inside me, the heart beats too fast, my mind is over excited, I can't stand this too long. The noise becomes louder, and my adrenaline runs faster. I take the fireplace poker too and I walk in to my fear. On the stairway I can see blood stains, drops of blood going upstairs. Damn, the noise has stopped... Maybe I have been heard! I am stuck. I can't breathe. But I can hear it moaning louder...! It is coming down...! Hell. I take a step back, preparing myself to the worst. Then it goes down a few steps and turns to me. Now I can see clearly. The face of **fear**. It is a girl, well, it was. Black eyes looks at me, those blond hairs are smeared with blood, her face is completely full of blood. The mouth is impressive. fangs and canines have grown out of proportion, razor-sharp, the mouth is now a frightening tool to mangle flesh and bones. Her hands, her fingers have become long acuminate spears. This being looks at me with his dead empty eyes dull, his face is pale dead and ready to decomposition, and sends up to the sky a guttural scream that freezes my blood. Then he stretches its claws into the air and yells his anger, his hatred, while spitting blood from his mouth. Hell, I'm in front of something monstrous that, with open jaws, pounces on me.

Chapter 5 by Flavio Anderson



A shot rings out from some where and the infected girl's head explodes. I turn myself just to see 3 armed guys, 1 woman. They are well and heavy armed, their tactic helmets show the double twisted helix code, symbol of the Pharma Laboratories. Who are these guys?

<Hush - a man voice - and don't move.

One of them fastly makes a search on me.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

The men runs upstairs, covered by his crew. She makes me sign to follow them all. I run upstairs to show them dad ' s lab . The woman's voice is quiete but impatient

<we are looking for some notes, particolar notes about a DNA code. We are on a scout mission to search info for the Pharma Lab. You probably have seen our symbol, and you know it gives us complete authority in the wastelands.

<OK, but , please, dont leave me alone.

<uhm, we are not here to rescue any civilians.

< I am Ashmore s son, I could be of help..

< well, if you can stay behind us and not to get into trouble, we will bring you in safe... but just hush and dont panic.

They fastly made a scann of the hard-disks , while she was searching on the desk . < I hope here is all we need> she whispered. < cmon crew, lets get out of here !!!>

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account